

The contention of the two famous Houses,

*Alarmer. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and rescues
Richard, and then exeunt omnes.*

Alarmer still, and then enter Henry solus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raignd, nor nere bene King.
Margaret and Clifford, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day,
May be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to finde them if I can.
But stay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh I, tis he whom I haue slaine in fight.
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of Yorke,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another soldiour with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.
But stay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,

Yorke and Lancaster

Oh monstrous times, begetting such euill
How cruell, bloody, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too

King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more than
Whil'st Lyons warre and battaile for this
Poore Lambes do feele the rigour of this
The red Rose and the white are on his face
The fatall colours of our striuing houses
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must

1. Soul. How will my mother for my
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide

2. Soul. How will my wife for slaughter
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misfortune
Oh would my death their mindes could

1. Soul. Was euer sonne so rude, his father

2. Soul. Was euer father so vnnatural

King. Was euer King thus greued and

1. Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit v

2. Soul. Ile beare thee hence, and let thee
For I haue murdered where I should not

Exit

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay
Here sits a King, as woe begon as thee.

Alarmer, and enter the Queen

Queen. Away my Lord, to Barnwicke
The day is lost, our friends are murdered
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue

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